

the English mercantile community. One of his own countrymen, however, who is Vice-Consul at Manheim, performs this office by writing a report on his position and training. The Vice Consul asserts that the merits of the German clerk are due largely to his having to serve two, three, or even four years as an apprentice, before he can become a clerk. School is not intended to produce excellence in any one direction, and between the youth of both countries on leaving school there is little difference. The German may be more provincial, steadier, perhaps more diligent, and more bent on self-education; but the English youth is probably quicker, more intelligent, more impulsive, and, for the moment at least, more energetic. The German is rarely a good ready reckoner on leaving school, frequently writes a bad hand, and expresses himself in writ-

ing without simplicity or clearness. He has indeed two experiences, at home and abroad, while his English competitor has only one. But apart from this, the superiority of German clerks in general to English, is, the Vice-Consul thinks, quite illusory. German business men constantly complain of the difficulty of finding efficient assistants. The clerks who go to England are frequently the very best; most of them are North Germans, and are most energetic and practical men. German office work, the Vice-Consul tells us, is painstaking to the minutest particular, and is old-fashioned, not to say pedantic. The present position of German trade is not due to any superior knowledge or skill on the part of the merchant, but to the boldness, energy, and enterprise born of the recent great political changes in Germany.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT
MOURN."

Deem not that they are blest a'one.
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
Though grief may hide an evening guest
Yet joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear;
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here!

W. C. BRYANT.

BEATI, QUI LUGENT.

Ne credas benedictos hos,
Qui vitam degunt otis;
Nam benedixit oculos
Suffusos Christus lachrymis.

Micavit autem flebilis
Ocellus luce risuum;
Præcursor hora lugubris
Feliciorum temporum.

Sic atra et nimbosa nox
Cessit diei candido;
Sic vesperi tristatum mox
Replevit mane gaudio.

Vir bonus, licet indigus,
Fidem amittere nolit,
Etsi cor mæstum saucius
Et spretus mortem appetit.

Notatur enim lugubri
In hora fusa lachryma,
Cui Christus longa gaudii,
In coelo parat sæcula!

W. H. C. KERR.